

Winter Issue

# Register



*Winter Issue - 1962*

COVER: The Ulm Cathedral, Ulm, Germany: Begun in the fourteenth century, but enlarged and beautified through the centuries, it is the second largest cathedral in Germany. Drawn from a photograph by Dmitri Kessel

# The Boston Latin School REGISTER

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SERPENT'S

MOUTH,

SERPENT'S

TAIL

Richard Kaplan '63



IT IS NOW time for our little game of whispers, our nightplay of conjuring. I have always been a master alchemist, a genius of the phantasmagoria, and my arts are potent. Will tonight be any different, though? Any better? It would not dare. What? Break the pattern, the carefully constructed dissonance? No; it is persistent. Its metamorphoses are slight, and have the same main theme. So let it be, and if there must be complaints and lamentations of discontent, let them be a muffled dirge; let them be secret. To be sure; the rigamarole goes on in constant kaleidoscopic evolution. Nothing can be done. And it is this way:

Tonight. I am lying in this room, in my bed. It is summer — I thought that it might well be September, for I have no calendar, and there is only night so it is hard to tell. It is one of those star-flooded nights that develops after an afternoon of penetrating heat. During the day the city was transformed into a stunted science-city of boilers and heated metal and pressure represented in the foggy celluloid of early movies; now everything is breathing once again. I am here and there is nothing else: all is empty and sterile and miserably clean, and there is not even the most meagre of divertissements. Quiet now! Hush! Downstairs — steady my breath, my lungs, a movement, a woman, and I can make out the sounds of my landlady, a nameless being with an oh-so-feline and whining whimper of the self-pitiful hag-nag. Wait. Did I call her "woman"? I was not intentionally sarcastic; for she has of late grown obese with a fine black moustache, has become desexualized, as it were, and reduced to the loathsome state of neuter. Yes, she suffers now what all of her sex do when age attacks: she has become a weed.

As I lie back I see that the light is now improvising a silent brittle jazz across the rough-plastered ceiling, and at times I imagine there to be taut figures, sticklike and fluctuating modern dancers with their stretched skin a natural leotard, and they are caught in the light-labyrinth of city flashings. I am listening now to the most predominant note of this night as I hear the grinding mechanisms of the outer world and hear the sounds of tight-clothed kids, sinners and killers and wonderous



assassins and maniacs. All: they drift together in grey waves, and the air is filled with the stench of their tawdry recklessness; and the winds carry along the smells of their lean tough bodies. From everywhere comes the zigzag contradictory rhythms of their cosmopolitan frenzy. I am not pacified by the various breezes, some dry and others with the freshness of a dusk's sponging shower, but am strangely ravaged. My mind spins. I think I see on the roof of another apartment a wild-haired and bare-footed girl who lets her white legs fall and dangle, but this image, — yes, image, for the hallucinations come and go freely — is soon blotted out by the hundreds of paper-mache balloon heads which cloud my window, and which are smiling painted May Pole smiles. And now it seems that above this gaudy din some strange prism has multiplied the moon, so that there are many secret whirling globes, and all are leering in their snow-blue, airy, frozen distance. Moons. Everywhere. Ah, moons, moonmad! For lately I have become a true lunatic. But this panoramic, funhouse distortion is not yet over: the tableau is motley, and suddenly there arises a giant marvelous festival. I will not go. It calls and shrieks with deep-throated warbles, but I do not move, for I am a loyal and defiant Odysseus. I turn on my radio to cancel out the screaming hostility, but Beethoven is trampled upon, for this too has become part of the conspiracy, and bounces about raving until I smash it to the floor. It all stops as it has begun. And when it does — silence: a last loose fling of drizzle alights upon the streets like sad white hands upon a piano. And I am still alone. I am also unable to go to sleep for any length of time, but I think that is part of my curse. I wake and sleep at odd intervals of five minutes. When do I sleep? When am I awake? When do I dream? When do I not? In truth it does not matter: I am unable to control the dizzy ramblings which come one way or another. Conscious or not I ponder the same — No, not questions, — but indecipherable enigmas.

And this anger racks me.

RECOLLECT days past, of old anger and its "social functions," of my lost masks and play-parts: when at night

I stalked the city with others and with them habited so many Bohemian places, queasy stepdown hideaways, we such bold comrades in a pretended grandiose rebellion.

I think of Pollack, our mentor, who for so long had attempted to form a Pantagruelian Society of Lusty Eaters and Drinkers and Howlers and Lovers, whose symbol was to be the Magic Codpiece, whose revelling was in the delight of nonsense and the physical self. Pollack was a real madman who accepted life with a lecher's wink, who found delight in everything. He was a master of the careless as he flirted with his landlady and indulged in hot discussions about the farm systems with old beer-guzzlers he would meet at Sunday double-headers. Unfortunately he could never have his utopian Society, for we were vegetables, and he was the only true Pantagruelian among us. He alone would come to the cafes to drink, simply to feel a robustness and vitality, to sing and perform crooked, stamping jigs and praise loud the Earth and the loveable stupidity of Man. We came to blur our senses; to add heavy curtains of comforting ambiguity on all that was external and present to the touch; to die a million unresurrected deaths. We sat there on those many endless philosophical evenings like that bored and aching group of young men in Cologne in the static, expectant Europe before the Dada explosion; but all our denunciations were ineffectual anachronisms. We: so many nameless ones.

What happened? We fell apart, cracked open. Pollack picked himself up one day and left; where to can only be guessed: somewhere, I'm sure, into the sandy highways beyond the plains. Without his rudiness we discovered our own anemia. We pulled away. I abandoned them, they me, each one another. Since then I have retreated further away from communication, and now they are all ghosts, old sentimental favorites.

I AM NOT a total nihilist. Do I believe that there is anything positive? Of course. I am less weary. I am here. It is an improvement. I think back to old days when I was in that boarding-house and I, one long since reduced to the self-exile of questioned atheism,

sing an incantation to the Jehovah that has delivered me from that monstrous brothel of mocking dreams and misplaced emotions. The women: there was Mrs. Esterkes the Round, with her thigh-slapping ribaldry and rolling masses of shapeless flesh; Mrs. Patrikin the Grey, who, in my mind, formed, along with her two vapid scarecrow companions, an exaggeration more hideous than the original Greek conception, — and how many times did I picture those three in rags and cast-off in a sea-cave, passing about their one huge rubbery eye! No longer, thank God, must I see the rouged Halloween face of Mrs. Billing the Lusty She! What a joke! What a nightmare! emerging open-mouthed from the corridors, or hear the Sunday night jingles of the Weird Laughing Sisters. No longer am I awakened in the black vertigo of night by the downstairs cackling of some terrible wrinkled Witches' Sabbath, nor do I have to sit terrified at the huge perfumed dinnertable under their eager eyes. No longer am I held captive among that scurrying horde of lost femininity, in that mansion of frill and lace and ancient hummed mauve waltzes.

Yes, I have gained a new freedom. My mirror tells me so, as does the odorless smell of air in this empty room.

**H**ERE NOW, and what is it like?  
It is a hole.

But my decision, so carefully rationalized, is this: better the void and sterile vacuum than the mausoleum. I have spent many gallant old days searching for Eldorado, an envisioned Carcassonne, but they are dead and ruined. And like Poe's crusty knight or the innumerable dreamers my spirit grows old; I have not the energy nor the exhilarating optimism to go on in the face of an ultimate though glorious defeat. Thus I am driven to the hole.

Yesterday, however, it was a hole for two. Today it is a solitary cage, for I have thrown out the old man who has lived with me this past year; he whom I picked up on that midnight train rattling over the vast expansion of ravaged railroads, plains of factories, and surrealistic refineries, when the awesome unrelenting light and sleepy mumblings and tasteless metallic coffee and dangling tin slivers of moon did

intoxicate my world-weary depression into a dreamy and unheard of maudlin sympathy. He came along with me after a mumbled story of his misery, and became mine. My altruism did not last beyond the night of its creation, however, and he soon became my dog, my flop-eared grizzled mongrel: something to kick in the nastiness of my unsatisfied wanderings, an object of every petty and major grievance, every vehemence, every imagined whim; my creature, my wrath. It was like this: I would see his face in the blur and harshness of morning, and the nausea would grow within me. If I were home, I would build up a demonic loathing. He would fawn on me, lay hands upon my shoulders, whisper obscenities into my ears, bite his nails and giggle. Sometimes at night I would kick him into the hallway and lock the door. At first he would scream and pound and try to spit at me through the keyhole. I would mock him. Then he would kneel down and beg to be let in: within a second he had lost all anger and self-respect.

Why did I finally get rid of him? Because the novelty had worn off, and what had been vulgarly tragicomic had become vulgarly disgusting; for his own private deviation, his rag-papered tabloid collection, and that sparked my revolt.

Day in, day out, he would sit in this room with his creation, his transformation of the place into a monster collage of obscene magazines, cutting out advertisements and tacking up girls-of-the-month. Yesterday, when I saw him squatting on the floor and near drooling as he watched the shoddy still-lives, the prosaic nudes with white smudged bodies I dragged him out and threw him down the stairs. He struggled for a while, grabbing at the bannisters, but he finally crumpled at the bottom, dazed and probably wounded. I then unloaded his hundreds of loose fingered tabloids upon him and shut the door. I must admit it gave me a thrill.

For a long time he was my only contact with mankind, though he was of a subterranean species. Guilt? None. The destruction of such as he induces in me an uncanny terror but no human feeling. You see, I make a callous and efficient executioner, for the condemned always do.

(Esoteric moral point: since "murder" is the destruction of a Man, and since Man by definition has a soul, is the slaughter of a mongoloid idiot, who, having no intelligence, thought, reason, or passion, thereby no soul, as he is one deserted by God, a murder?)

**A**ND NOW I have partially given myself over to this barricaded cellar of polaric brooding and imagining. In the heat of August I am cold, and outside amidst the jungle of summer there is ice. But I am not placid. Understand: to sit here resolved and unquestioning would mean relinquishing all the romanticism of intense suffering. For me harmonies still clash and are tumultuous. I must still rebel.

And now it's about time for some air; I must get out at least once a day or I shall go mad. I ask myself what I shall do when winter comes and I am trapped indefinitely as the snows rage and twist the city frigid and brittle. I can only answer that when I am faced with it.

For now, out . . .

I am here standing outside the door and facing the street. Everything is swept along the curbs; everything is alone and blowing in the riverbreeze of this sidewalked wasteland. Why is it empty? Because I am here. I stand around this building, actually halfway within the hall, and there are no movements. Only Exile. I am disheartened. I am quite sure that I am possessed like those robed sages in medieval prints, who sit in their misty chambers under the spell of their magic, surrounded by demons on their chairs, demons who whisper into their ears enchanted parables of the world below. And when the philosophers step down to see what is spoken of there is only a gnarled emptiness, a stony corridor, a deserted square, and a hollow emaciated laughter.

I am here in this midnight and I am deceived. Music blows through the trees; it is stark and tinny, with a Dixie groinal aching. Footsteps are tapping on tile floors and in other places automobiles speed over vast river-expanding bridges, and their thick fresh tires are smacking noisily upon the wet surface. There is a glow, the essence of a nightlife sounding with the hum of existence. All is scented with a blue jazzy

smoke; all is heated by tight red bodies pressed together; all is peppered with the slick percussion of muscular high-heeled legs whipping clic-clac against the spangled sidewalks.

But here there is only darkness. The busky-headed trees so old and wistful and unable to move in their cement foundation create a nimbus of viridity about all. But nothing is pleasant and there is always a breaking unleashed cry, a laughter of cheapness, an intrusion that spells hostility. Where are my bedroom images? They gushed forth in the sublime confusion of moon-craze. Every noise is magnified after the silence. Everything is imagined. The chamber music stops; there is only the warm obliviousness of the burrow, and when one goes to the window shade and pulls it up he discovers a sad, sad world.

I ask myself, "Why Am I Condemned?" But there is no reason. Although all rationality tells me that I should be angered all the more, I am not. No reason. And so it is. I do not scream out my rebellion; it is there but outwardly silent, for I am too tired to continue questioning for long. I only look about me, wonder why I feel cold in the lush pregnancy of summer; wonder why the light shower freezes me; wonder why there is no one; why I do not speak, am not spoken to; why I am isolated — and there is only heaviness.

A woman is approaching on this street. Coming from nowhere, going nowhere, I think. Perhaps she has just been created tonight to walk here, to pass by me, to dissolve. She is a temptress because she is a being; because she is composed of human stuff; because she comes nearer in this place of retreat where none are allowed to come; because I hear the jaunting of her stroll; because it grows from a foggy echo into something tangible and crisp; because I hold my breath and count the footsteps. Her figure keeps coming, and though it is somewhat indistinguishable, it sways, has a rhythm, is lithesome. She comes. Her face is cold. It is a white virgin mask. I find that she needs no lonely savior. The tense crescendo has reached its frustrating conclusion. All trickles away. I smile. Yes, I am invisible. Footsteps die and sleep. Nothing more . . .

Now I must walk; I must stretch my



legs and forget. No, not anything particular, but all the sums and totals and contradictions. Forget. I am too weary for thought. Everything will flow through me and I will remain impassive. Walk. Towards where? Anywhere. On . . .

Rain. Blowing. Rain. Unceasing. All over. Again. Again. Again. Nothing remains. Everything does what it must and I will not delay it. Rain without rest. I too, without rest. And these faces. Leering. On. The curtains in the wind. The curtains: grey and wilting. Foul discarded wreaths. I. The shadows. On and on and on. The wasting. The trembling. A stretch of night. And for me no morning. And about me, more. More eyes. More homeless. More with holes. More racked with hibernation. More thrown together and snarling. More bitterness. More. More. Evermore.

I walk and have no sense of time, and the streets that I leave behind me I have never seen before. Alienation. Will I be able to find my way back? Will it matter? . . . I wander along this high wooden fence, where, on the other side, there is a huge weedy pit, barren and waiting for construction. Newspapers already many months yellowing flap against my shins and are then swept out to sea. All rhythms are dead. On this fence old advertisements waver and tired events summon up a muzzy attention. Tattered sheets announce ancient benefits. Wrestling matches in lurid red lettering. Man-apes groan in the dim photographs of strained nudity. Fat smooth women rip at each other with furies' murderous screams. So many smoky nights of fake pummeling and jeering crowds.

I stop. Things are different. The barking dogs have once again begun, as it has so many evenings previous. Along the waterfronts shaggy spaniels are baying at drunken motionless moons. A lean, panting bitch brushes by my feet, sniffs at the soles of my shoes, and stares at my grim face with blank wet eyes and a colorless curling tongue extending from a sharpened mouth. I hear a giggling female voice say "Beast!" and go off into an hysterical laughter. My bitch growls . . .

**I** AM DRUNK beforehand but I enter it nevertheless, for on dark corners boys in black tight clothes are flashing

knives and teeth as they slink from behind masses of brick, and up above there is a depressing tangle of trolley wires and metal cords locked in an exasperating labyrinth of grey sorrow and dampness.

It is a place with lights, a swirl of music, faint neon halfheartedly attempting a winking seduction; and more than anything else I need lights. I stumble in and find stunted beings, all dwarfs, all mad and sensual, a wild house of indescribable freaks on their last binge before the Flood. There are writhings along the bar outstretched. Everywhere the hideous are gathering and are making a mockery of love. Walls are scarred, paint peels, forbidden staircases zoom around and up. And along the corners maniacs are thrusting an endless supply of nickels into juke-box machines, most of which are stripped and whose nude mechanisms smoke and clatter.

I have entered here colorless and gaunt, a grim stomping Lagoon or masked Job, but I am swept along, and as in the old days, drink to kill what is about me. When the chaos suddenly dies down and all find themselves impotent, they glare at me. They at me! Outside the dogs are still barking. My ankles are bloodied from their gnawings. I drink and shake, and only when Mrs. Billing lays a fleshy arm upon my shoulder do I splutter the glass and flee.

The same! The same! The damned same! My long night's journey is coming to it's inevitable conclusion. Lord. I am dead. Now I am dissolute and in the midst of an all-encompassing whirlpool which swallows up rationality, which leaves me panting and agonized, — a whirlpool brilliant and white and blinding and helpless. All about me there dances the chaos of my brain, all diseased and anguished and accompanied by the symphony of silence which rises to a feverish ecstatic pitch. I am cut off from everything and am absorbed by the depths which continue to funnel inward; and from that inner intestine there comes the same yelping and canine growlings. It is inescapable. Bestiality has claimed me and my soul is shaggy with a grey fur, and all my gropings! . . . All! . . . Ah, what a clown I must be. A jester with a great long tail.

Yes . . . it is inescapable . . . . .

# THE FARMER TAKES A KNIFE

Robert Mulholland '64

**W**ELL, IN THE first place, Caverntowne wasn't really a town. Although it could have passed for one easily enough, I guess. It had a population of sixty some odd people which is nearly as much as some of those Tennessee stick towns. More than some I guess. Yeh, it probably would have been a town, except it was outside of one, Whitneyville. But it was just a farm. A farm, that is, which contained over five square miles of land and which had given its owner something over a million dollars in profit.

All that land, all those acres, were dominated by Gerald Wafton, or as everybody called him, the 'old coot'. Even though the 'old coot' was at least eighty and had to have a permanent nurse right there at the farm, he still went right on managing all the affairs of Caverntowne just as he had done for the past fifty years. I know. I'm his nephew.

The people of Caverntowne and Whitneyville used to talk quite a bit about the 'old coot'. Of course my uncle was quite an odd person. I don't mean he was crazy or anything like that, but he had the most peculiar habits and mannerisms. For instance, there was nothing, and I mean nothing, that could keep him from driving into town everyday and sitting in that old swivel chair by the drug store while he talked to his friends. This was done to the expressed disfavor of his nurse Flora. ("Some night I'm going to sneak out and set fire to that chair, the drug store and all his foolish friends.") Anyway the oddity wasn't in these trips to town so much, but rather in the way he sat.

He would lower himself into the old chair and methodically cross his left leg over his right and fold his arms over his chest as if he were cold or



something. Wherever he was, at church, visiting, or at home, this was the way he would sit, his arms folded as tight as possible. He looked awful uncomfortable as well as awkward, but I supposed he did it absent-minded. Still, I can't remember having seen him without his arms crossed. Yeh. I know **now!** He always had them folded tight.

Anyway, it was sometime around the end of June when the 'old coot's' age finally caught up to him, and he had to keep pretty much to bed. I guess he'd been around so long that nobody except me even considered the thought that he might die.

But he wasn't going to die.

In fact he even began to feel better. Now it's not that I really hated the 'old

coot'. After all, he had promised me that I would inherit the whole estate. No, it's not that I hated him so much. It's just that I liked money more. You can't really blame me for that. All that land and cash just lying around, and he wouldn't let anybody touch it!

So that's why I decided to kill him. And it was the deputy sheriff from Whitneyville who provided me with a safe way to do it.

"Good morning Mr. Wafton", The deputy spoke fast. Fancied himself a city detective I guess.

"Oh hello Pete." The 'old coot' was sitting in a lawn chair, his arms folded as usual. "What brings you way out here this morning?"

"Well, I'm making the rounds to just about everywhere. It seems there's a prowler bothering some of the folks up in Whitneyville, and we thought he just might show up here in Caverntowne. Last night he stole eighty dollars from Jay Coby and tried to stab him too. So I figured I'd come out and warn you folks just in case."

"Thanks Pete, I'll have some of the boys set up a watch tonight."

"Okay Mr. Wafton. I got to get going. Lot of people to see."

"Right. So long Pete."

Well, just about three minutes after I heard that news, it hit me. I had a feeling the prowler was going to visit Caverntowne that night, and with rather tragic results! I actually didn't care too much for the idea of stabbing him, but since the prowler carried a knife, I figured it would be safer that way.

I considered of course the possibility that the prowler might be caught before evening, which would leave me the number one suspect. But this wasn't the first time that a prowler had terrorized the area for a few days. Most often, he just disappeared, and I couldn't remember anytime that he had been captured by the police.

Even then I still wasn't sure that I would or could go through with it. I guess it was the 'old coot' himself who clinched it that same afternoon when he came out to my lodge, some fifty yards in back of the main house at Caverntowne.

"David I know you'll understand this or I wouldn't even bother to explain it to you", he said gruffly, even before he had come through the door.

I motioned him to a chair, and as he settled down, I asked, "What is it uncle?"

"Well, I told you before that you would be my only beneficiary, but I've changed my mind now. I've decided to include Flora. She has been so kind to me that I feel I owe her this. I felt sure that you would understand. Of course I haven't had a chance to change the will officially yet, but I can do that when I go in town tomorrow." The 'old coot' shifted his legs and crossed his arms tighter with an air of finality.

"Of course I understand uncle." I even sounded convincing. "I'll drive you in tomorrow whenever you're ready to go."

"Good, thank you, David."

As I watched him walk back up towards the house, I had a pressing feeling that there would be no tomorrow for the 'old coot'. Later that evening I prepared to make sure of it.

It was around one o'clock in the morning when I took the short-bladed, sharp, hunting knife out from under the mattress. I didn't do anything with it right then, just stared at it. There was no decision to make though. I was sure. Sure I could do it; sure I could get away with it.

Even though I had a key, I used a glass cutter to gain entrance to the library downstairs, and from there made my way to his second floor bedroom. The thick carpets almost entirely eliminated the squeaks in the wood.

I reached for the old fashioned door knob, twisted it, and watched the door to my uncle's room swing open noiselessly. I stood just a few feet from the bed. The 'old coot' was sleeping stiffly on his back as if somebody had beaten me to it. But the rapid breathing noises coming from his mouth soon destroyed any possibility of that. I took the first step towards his bed.

It was then that the floor creaked loudly, dangerously. I raised the knife which hung like a lead weight in my hand. Then suddenly I acquired that much talked about sixth sense. Somehow I knew he would do it and I strained my every sense of perception, my every usable muscle. Nevertheless, it still came as a shock.

He looked up! There was pitiful look of recognition on his face.

No turning back!



The three steps to his bed came as one, and the knife was in the air over his chest. I felt the flesh split beneath the covers, raised the knife to strike again! And again! And again!

After that, I can only vaguely remember. I fled blindly from three steps of tripped over the bottom three steps of the stairway. I don't believe I slowed down until I reached the door of my cottage.

IT WAS a servant's call in the morning which sent me to the main house where the sheriff greeted me as I walked into our large hall. He was sitting in a chair by the table but got up without saying anything more than good morning. He raised a hand pointing towards the double doors leading into the library.

"Go ahead in", the sheriff spoke softly.

I walked in a bewildered state, half real and half put-on, towards the door and turned the handle.

Well, they tell me it took five men to calm me down and get me into the patrol car. Although I can't remember anything **after** looking into that room, I will never be able to drive out of my mind what I saw in the room.

He just sat there and said, "Hello David", over and over. And I just stared until my gaze fell to the 'old coot's' arms which were completely swathed in various bandages and surgical dressings.

Yeh, I know **now**, that even in his sleep the 'old coot' always kept his arms folded tightly over his chest.

# Heliopolis

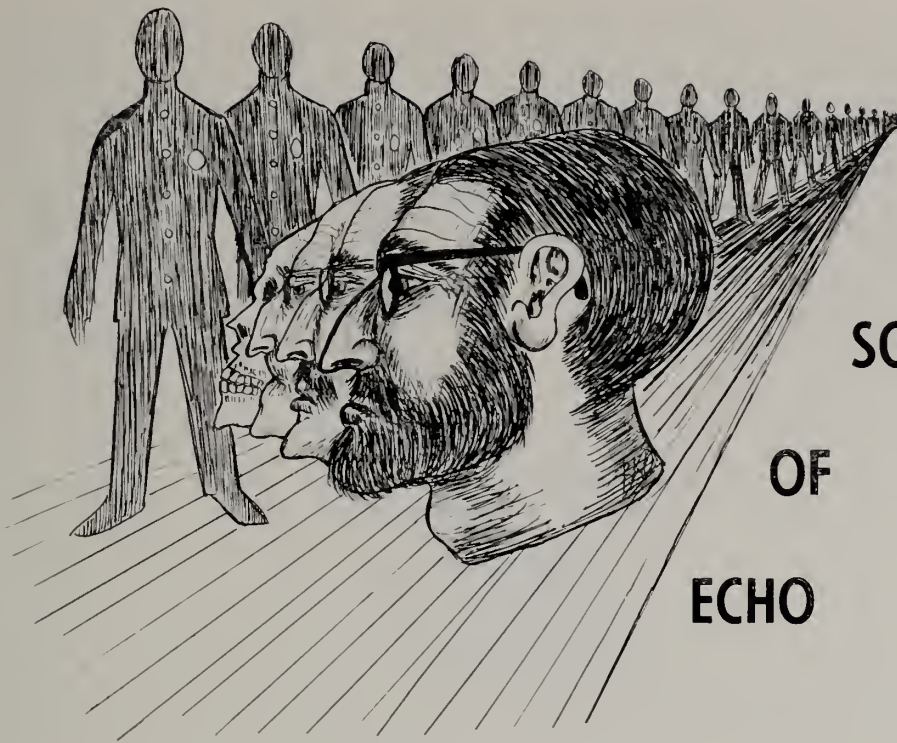
*When green begins to cloak in splendor trees  
That Death's cold grasp have managed to eschew,  
Great Nature through her acts again proclaims  
That, as to victors in a vital fray,  
To them shall life and further struggle be.*

*For when once distant Summer soon arrives  
It finds not naked boughs, but trees full clothed  
In verdant guise, as it had known them well.  
To them a quarter of all time is given,  
Whose beauty, through their own, is much enhanced.*

*But cold soon kindles torches of these stands,  
Until the victors' armor's all ablaze,  
And brands its image deep into the mind,  
Foretelling coming life, instead of death  
That seems to loom, as final sparks descend.*

—VERNON BLODGETT '65





# THE SOUND OF ECHO

William Shine '63

**T**HE SILENCE was unbearable; yet no one broke it, nor even seemed to want to break it. He glanced about the stillness of the streetcar and noticed the little man in grey, his grey face, his grey clothes, even grey skin. The creature fascinated him, and then it struck him that the greyness was an official. He quickly turned to the dripping window pane, hoping his prolonged stare had not been observed.

The rumbling streetcar approached the stop where everyone would get off. The wild crushing, smashing, tripping to reach the narrow doorways was in sharp contrast to the quiet which had dominated the ride. The ride. This was only the first of how many hateful rides to be taken day after day this coming year? They were outside now and the irritating chatter of boys and girls filled the air like the screeching of startled birds, an even sharper contrast in these same people who only

minutes before had been monuments to the order of — of order and — the officials. For that was the only real reason such an intolerable silence was kept on all public transportation; because it was custom, the thing to do, tied in with some vague official rule which everybody knew, but which nobody had ever seen.

A slight breeze ruffled his deep black hair and full beard as he stood before the yellow brick school, only now physically aware of the actual loathing he felt at having to enter that same blank building once more. The students were staring at him as he waited at the entrance, trying to control himself, to stop his trembling. He watched them slowly disappear into that yellow massiveness. He, too, now being drawn, absorbed, into the same hated brick.

The door to his classroom, the same one as in years past, stood open as he entered its empty dustiness. He sat

down at the worn, gnawed wooden desk in a split, formless chair which was even more uncomfortable than the previous year's. The clean, cracked blackboard met his distant stare. He thought; remembered; meditated.

\* \* \*

He was running through the streets, knocking into people, pushing them off towards the slippery paths of creeping cars, stopping momentarily to get his breath and bearing; everything covered with a thin mist of rain. The apartment building yet a few blocks away, he started running again. Faceless cripples held out their withered hands to the wild-haired, bearded madman who flew past. The colorless, drab tenement was now in front of his watering eyes; he stumbled through the door and forgot which floor to go to. The mailboxes glared at him in their hideous, obscene pink and purple as he tried to locate the room number amidst the shining maze of colored copper. Floor 5 room 7. He rushed up the splintering stairs, not seeing the unused, empty elevator.

He crashed through the balsam door with the large 7 on it and saw the weird, wizened little officials racing about like mad mice, going nowhere and being everywhere. Hammers, chisels, shavings lay about the whole room, yet no one was using the tools, nor was there any work being done. He sank into a chair near the bed, hardly taking notice of the mad animals on and about the bed. Possibly they were playing some sort of private game. He couldn't decide, for his eyes refused to focus. He mumbled a few incomprehensible sounds in their direction and drifted off into a short exhaustion, soon feeling their brittle arms dragging at his sleeping carcass. His feet started to move leading him towards the gigantic corridor which stretched before him. The empty elevator was at the end of the hall; he was now in front of it, trying to open it. He wrenched, mauled, pulled at it, until it opened. He could feel himself getting lighter as he fell down the empty shaft; then he awoke to the sound of smashing metal which greeted him on the first day, again.

\* \* \*

He turned from his meditation to the sound of scraping feet scuffling towards

his room, tramping in a nonchalant, yet somehow orderly, fashion. The return of the dead to the house of the dead, he thought when he saw the drab, white faces of the students with whom he would have to spend the whole of the coming year. The complete lack of intelligence, the overt stupidity, which looked at him made him take hold of his desk again; by now, though, he should be used to this perpetual ignorance which fogged over the whole of each entering mass. The milling crowd of still young bodies automatically organizing itself, sitting down in neat rows of sameness, at desks long scarred, scratched, obscenated.

Ah, yes the speech, the yearly ritual of telling them what they already know as well as I, and understand more.

Glass, er, class, we are at the beginning of an older, new school year. I am, no we am, are about to start in upon a fool year that will be most impotent to me, er you. He sat down and looked at them. They weren't laughing or smiling, nor did they even seem to be aware that he was making a complete fool out of himself on the first day back. He was nervous, he could feel it in every fibre of his soft, loose flesh. This was such a routine business, simply telling them what they were supposed to do, and yet it had provoked a fit of absolute idiocy! Again: You know my, your, duty, er, was, is to the fool first, No, no. The fate last and then to me, the fool, school. He stopped and looked about; I exist, I can talk, I will. Once more: Students—as you may agree, see, I am not dealing hell this mourning, but we must always remember that the leacher is the horse how, that it is my foot to flay me now, now, now. He screamed, and ran from the room into a group of keepers, teachers, splattering them up against the walls, onto the floors; down the fourteen flights of stairs, smashing into and over personnel, scattering books and people everywhere. The open door stood ahead of him finally. He ran into the broom closet, out again, and down the last flight of stone stairs onto the street.

\* \* \*

We, too, are now here, floating silently above the mass of concrete enclosures falling under our gaze. He motions for us to come over, as we drift

around languidly. He stares at us contemplatively, not speaking, but rather thinking, and then, seeming to awake from his dreaming, he notices that it is we whom he is staring at, and then points downward. We try to follow his diaphanous finger and see what it is that he is pointing at, but we are unable to observe anything unusual. He floats lower and points again. Our gaze now sharpens, and we are aware of the wild commotion stirring amidst the

concrete blocks. People are rushing towards a central focus; a crowd has formed and grows larger, expanding continually outward. We descend even lower to find out what has happened. The heaving, living mass moves back for a few brief seconds. We look. A single figure is lying prone on the pavement, unliving, bearded. We recognize it, yet almost miss what is standing beside it. Simple neat greyness; living, unbearded, official.



# Anomaly

*What is there left of life for one to love?  
What gifts remain of treasures from Above?  
Has thought departed,  
Never to come anew?  
Has Art been all decocted  
In impressionism's brew?*

*Are all Earth's citizens automata?  
Are there no separate classes?  
Are we but sham crustacea:  
All of us, cringing masses?  
Have we cut all our leading-strings, and fallen,  
Lying in bright, aseptic heaps?  
Or are we tossed, in winds, like pollen?  
Or are we drowned in mundane seeps?  
Does mere subsistence justify itself?*

— JOHN KEARNEY, '65



# THOU SHALT NOT STEAL

Brian McGunigle '64

THE NIGHT was dark and rainy, and the road was as deserted as only an English country road can be. Henry Jarvis, a wealthy London businessman on a holiday, was driving to his brother Arthur's country estate, which he had intended to reach by dark. However, the rain, the fog, and the flat tire he had somehow gotten delayed him. Mr. Jarvis figured it would be past ten when he arrived.

From time to time he gazed out at the dark wooded landscape on both sides of the road. He felt quite alone and realized that the balance of the trip would be very dreary. Since he still had a fairly long journey ahead, and riding alone was quite boring, he decided to stop when he saw, illuminated by his headlights, a hitchhiker at the side of the road.

As the long black sedan glided to a stop, Mr. Jarvis noticed that the traveler was a stocky, middle-aged man with a cheerful round face. Looks somewhat like me, thought Mr. Jarvis.

Mumbling a quick thanks, the stranger slid into the passenger seat. He was very wet.

"You are drenched, sir," said Henry Jarvis, trying to start a conversation but feeling like a complete fool for making such an obvious observation.

"It's this terrible weather," replied the man, unbuttoning his coat and turning towards the driver.

"No doubt," said Mr. Jarvis, suddenly realizing that there are very few ways in which one **can** get drenched. "May I inquire your name, sir?" Mr. Jarvis, a very careful driver, eased the car back out onto the road.

"Griswold. Walter Griswold," he answered as if the "Walter" was an afterthought.

"Oh really? Are you one of the Chippenham Griswolds?"



"No."

"Oh."

"Could I ask you, sir, your name and occupation?"

"Oh yes! I'm Henry Jarvis, vice president of the Britannia Shoelace Corporation, Limited, London," he replied, although he could think of no possible reason for the question.

"Well, Mr. Jarvis, I like to know with whom I'm dealing, and I dislike beating around the bush." So saying, Mr. Griswold drew a startlingly real pistol from the left pocket of his raincoat.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Jarvis, that I shall have to . . . ah . . . rob you."

"Jove!" cried Henry Jarvis, more than a little taken aback. Mr. Jarvis, however was not frightened. He faced this situation with what might be called intellectual curiosity. This may prove interesting, he thought.

"You understand, of course, that I really should have said 'Hands up' or some such phrase, but under the circumstances — it . . . Ah . . . might be unwise," said Mr. Griswold.



"I feel we could bypass that formality, Mr. Griswold."

"Very good, Mr. Jarvis. Now if you'll be so good as to cooperate fully . . ."

"Oh quite, Mr. Griswold, quite!" After all, thought Henry Jarvis, not everyone gets such an opportunity to see a criminal in action.

"Fine, Mr. Jarvis."

"Will you begin now?"

"Begin what, Mr. Jarvis "

"To rob me, Mr. Griswold."

"Oh quite!"

"Don't you think I ought to pull off the road first, Mr. Griswold?"

"Of course, Mr. Jarvis." He switched the gun to his right hand. "Of course!" He smiled, perhaps a bit nervously, but appeared otherwise relaxed.

"May I pose a question, Mr. Griswold?"

"Feel free, Mr. Jarvis!"

"Do you enjoy this occupation?"

"It's not really an occupation, Mr. Jarvis, only a sideline."

"A hobby?"

"Yes, you've got it! A hobby!"

"Pardon my asking, but why this? Why don't you collect stamps or . . . ah . . . whatever else people collect?"

Although Mr. Griswold was silent for a moment his brain was working furiously.

"Well you see, Mr. Jarvis, I have a psychologist who tells me I should cultivate an outdoor hobby with some intellectual stimulus. And what could be more stimulating than the old game of robbing people and trying to get away with it? And it is also profitable." He glanced out of the corner of his eye to catch Mr. Jarvis' reaction.

"But, Mr. Griswold, I've always been under the impression that the work is not too steady."

"Oh it isn't Mr. Jarvis, not at all. If the suspicion of the police is aroused, they can get frightfully nasty!"

"I can well imagine, Mr. Griswold. Tell me, have you . . . ah . . . robbed many people?"

"No, Mr. Jarvis. I am honored to say that you will be my first, shall we say, 'customer'. A London businessman! I I could have just as easily been picked up by a butcher or a baker!"

"You were rather fortunate, Mr. Griswold," Henry Jarvis admitted.

"Quite so. Would you be so good as to step out of the car?"

"Surely," replied Henry Jarvis, opening the door and sliding out into the fine drizzle. He was quickly followed by Mr. Griswold.

"Is everything to come to a conclusion now, Mr. Griswold?"

"If you mean the shedding of blood, Mr. Jarvis, I hope that won't be necessary."

"Oh, quite."

"Now would you be so good as to hand over any money or valuables you might have in your possession?"

"I am truly sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Griswold, but I make it a point to carry only a small amount of pocket money, and I spent my last shilling to fix a flat tire. Search me if you like."

With an astonished look, Mr. Griswold approached Mr. Jarvis more closely and fished him, throwing everything he found on the ground.

Two pens, one pencil, a comb, several business cards, one driver's license, one empty wallet, seven credit cards and twenty vitamin pills later, Mr. Griswold realized that Henry Jarvis was telling the truth.

"Sorry to disappoint you," said Henry Jarvis a second time.

"That's quite all right, Mr. Jarvis. These things happen, you know." Mr. Griswold seemed extremely downhearted.

"Sort of an occupational hazard, I should think," replied Mr. Jarvis, picking up the contents of his pockets and preparing to return to the car.

Mr. Griswold quickly considered the consequences if Mr. Jarvis went to the police. "Think of something, you fool," he muttered to himself as Mr. Jarvis started walking back to the car.

"Mr. Jarvis," he called. "I am beginning to become somewhat disillusioned as to the feasibility of this as a hobby. For instance, I could have been picked up by a police inspector," he shuddered, "or I could have run across someone who could put up a good fight and then where would I be?"

"But surely, Mr. Griswold . . . ."

"I am in appalling physical condition, Mr. Jarvis." He coughed loudly several times.

"Jove!"

"Or," he concluded, "in the future I might run across a whole series of fellows who had spent their last shillings on flat tires."

"I see."

"Mr. Jarvis, my experience with you has convinced me of the folly of this as a hobby. It has opened my eyes."

"I was happy to assist you in this revelation, Mr. Griswold."

"Will you make a complaint to the police?" Mr. Griswold asked cautiously.

Henry Jarvis dismissed that with a wave of his hand, and asked Mr. Griswold if he would like a ride.

"No thank you, Mr. Jarvis. I'm going in the other direction."

"Well then, cheerio, Mr. Griswold!"

"Cheerio, Mr. Jarvis!"

Henry Jarvis started the car and eased back out onto the road. Will I have a story for Arthur, thought Henry Jarvis, driving away!

Mr. Griswold watched the car disappear behind a curtain of drizzle and fog. Then he walked about one hundred yards up the road, where he turned down a dirt road. Complimenting himself on his excellent choice of a hiding place for the car, he opened the door of the small roadster and roared away!

Mentally Harry Atherton, alias Walter Griswold, reviewed the Henry Jarvis incident. You're close to a perfect criminal, 'Arry old boy, he thought. You done everything right. Real slick how you come up with that Griswold name so quick. And you talked different—more educated—so 'e'd never recognize your real voice. You even told 'im it was your first job, an' just an 'obby at that! An 'obby! 'Arry, you're gettin' better all the time. An' 'e even believed you when you thought up that "psychologist" bit! An' then tellin' 'im you were goin' straight, so 'e wouldn't put in a complaint! 'Ed'd 'av never identified you, without the false eyebrows and the paddin' in the coat! 'E'd 'av been out cold for over an hour and you'd 'av been clean away! But the beggar didn't 'av a penny! Good show anyway, 'Arry old boy. Almost foolproof! Like I always said, 'Arry, you're an artist—a crook—but an artist just the same.

He opened the window to get a little fresh air and reached up to button the top of his coat. As he did so, he suddenly felt that something very familiar was missing from the inside pocket of his coat. No, it couldn't be! Oh no! He checked. What a fool I am, he thought

as he hopelessly searched his other pockets. What an idiot!

"My wallet!" he shouted aloud, almost swerving off the road. "The beggar robbed me! That's dirty pool! I was supposed to rob 'im!"

Several days later, Harry Atherton received a small package in the mail. Within were his wallet—empty—and a short note.

The note read:

Dear Mr. Atherton,

I trust you were perceptive enough to realize that your wallett was missing. I took it. The occult arts-magic, prestidigitation, sleight of hand; call it what you will—have long been a hobby of mine. At dinner and cocktail parties I often pick my friends pockets as a prank. (I am the life of the party!) You tried to rob me, unsuccessfully, so I relieved you of your wallet while you were searching me. (An eye for an eye, wouldn't you say?) As for your psychologist and your promise to go straight, could I have looked **that** gullible? You perhaps wonder if I have reported this affair to the police. I have not, though not because of any personal fondness for you. I believe in "playing the game" and to turn you in wouldn't be sporting. I also feel that it will be only a matter of time until you meet someone less obliging than me. You see, I feel that every act has a certain amount of risk attached, and so, anyone who picks you up on the road is taking a chance—but you are taking an even greater one. So, in conclusion, sir, let me offer this advice. If you aim to continue living by your wits, I would suggest using all of them, and not just half with which you have been functioning up to now. Hoping you will benefit from this experience I remain,

Yours truly,  
Henry Jarvis

Thenceforth Harry Atherton never bought a pair of shoelaces without thinking of that true British sportsman, Henry Jarvis, who, incidentally, never picked another pocket at a cocktail party without thinking of that "artist" of the criminal world, Harry Atherton.



## THE CROSSING

Martin Bickman '63

"**A**W, COME ON," said Marv, looking from one face to another. "Why's it always me?"

"Because you're the best die-er," Greg said, punctuating his answer with a chuckle. Frank and Gary began to laugh, and then Sam, realizing that some thing funny had been said, let out a loud guffaw.

The five of them were on the corner of Delwar Boulevard, a main throughfare, and Nesbit Street, a quiet, narrow byway. Greg was leaning on the traffic light pole. Sam was sitting on the curb near him. Frank and Gary were propped up by the brick wall which formed a side of Ciardi's Drugs, and Marv was standing self-consciously in the middle of the sidewalk.

"Okay, keep it down," Greg sarcastically admonished. "We don't want to be disturbing the peace."

"Naw, we wouldn't wanna do that," said Frank, and they all smiled, even Marv. When the boys were silent, the intersection was practically dead. The only other signs of life were the rumbling of passing cars and the top of Old Man Ciardi's bald head seen through the small side window. There was no moonlight, but the street lamp in front of the butcher shop across the street illuminated the corner so well that the tiniest details could be seen — the rip in Frank's jacket, the wisp of smoke from Gary's cigarette, Marv's slight trembling.

"Ya got everything straight?" said



Greg. "If you screw it up this time, Marv, maybe we'll try it for real next time."

"Look guys," pleaded Marv, "why don't we try Sam this time?"

"Huh?" said Sam.

"Naw, Sam's too stupid," said Gary. "But you, you got brains, Marv."

Marv paced around the sidewalk for a little while and then said, "Well I got enough brains to know that for every foolish stunt you guys think up, I gotta be the one that gets the raw end of it. Just so you can get your kicks."

The four boys stared intently at Marv. Then Greg straightened up, turned towards Marv, and said, "Look, Marv, we don't break your arm to hang around with us. We didn't force you to come here tonight. You came yourself. But if you don't wanna hang around with us, you can leave right now. If you don't like the things we do, don't do them. Just beat it . . . . Of course, if you're just chicken . . . ."

Marv looked around like a cornered beast. What had he said? Greg's words resounded in his brain. **Leave . . . . Beat it . . . . Chicken.** Marv simulated a nonchalant stroll to the curb, kicked at a pile of dead leaves lying in the gutter, and said, "Okay, let's go."

Greg and Sam crossed the street and ensconced themselves in the entrance of the closed butcher shop. Frank and Gary remained leaning against the drug store wall. Marv stood on the curb next to the traffic signal on which a white metal plate informed pedestrians:

TO CROSS  
STREET  
PUSH  
BUTTON  
WAIT FOR  
RED-AMBER  
LIGHT

The boys waited a moment, until a few cars were coming from both directions of Delwar Boulevard. Then Greg, from across the street, yelled "Now!" Marv pushed the button on the green, steel post. After a few long seconds, the light changed from blinking green to yellow. Most of the cars had managed to speed through the intersection by this time, so when the red light finally showed, only one car was stopped before the crosswalk.

Marv heard Frank's voice behind him. "Just stopped one car, Marv. Boy, are you slow!"

Greg stepped out of the store entrance, and waving his hands as if he were trying to erase the whole incident, said, "Forget about it this time . . . . Take two."

"Yuh, take two," Gary repeated, and Marv could sense his foolish smirk. **They were actually enjoying this idiotic prank!**

This time Marv pressed the button as soon as he saw headlights in the distance. When the light changed from yellow to red, their catch was two cars stopped on the right and three on the left. Marv stepped off the curb and began to march between the thick, broken white lines. When he was a third of the way across, Greg and Sam sprang out from the opposite sidewalk. With exaggerated expressions of ferocity, they advanced toward Marv. Marv froze for an instant. Then he turned around and scrambled back to the curb. Suddenly he saw Frank and Gary approaching him head on. Spinning around again, he almost ran into Greg and Sam. For a few frantic seconds, Marv ran between the two groups like a ball player trapped between third and home.

In the middle of the street, the two groups converged, sandwiching Marv between them. Then they fell on Marv with a volley of pulled punches and kicks that never quite connected. Once Greg landed a solid punch on Marv's shoulder. "What the hell was that for?" whispered Marv.

"Sorry, Marv, kid. Got carried away," Greg said into his ear.

Trying to keep straight faces, the attackers kept it up for a few more seconds, yelling, "Take that, you fink." "That's what ya get." Marv went limp and sunk to the black, asphalt surface. As soon as he fell, the other boys fled across the street and darted into the alley beside the butcher shop.

The light had just turned green, but the drivers of the cars were too stupefied to move. The first one to get a hold of himself was a huge man wearing a plaid jacket who dashed out of his Ford and hurried to Marv, lying in a heap in the middle of the road.

Meanwhile, the other boys, panting from exhaustion and laughter, flattened themselves so tightly against the wall



of the butcher shop that it looked as if they thought the building would collapse on them if they relaxed for a second. Greg was the closest to the sidewalk, and by twisting his head so that one eye protruded around the corner of the butcher shop, he gave Frank, Gary, and Sam a running commentary on what was happening on the road: ". . . . and now the other guys are getting out of their cars and crowding around Marv . . . . Hey, Old Man Ciar-di's running out of his store to see what happened . . . . The big guy's talking to him . . . . must be asking him if he's hurt or somethin' . . . . The other guys are asking him stuff too . . . ."

"It came off great," whispered Frank excitedly. "Looked just like real."

"Yeh," added Sam. "Marv's doin' a great job. He should get the academy award or something."

"I just hope he doesn't ham it up too much," said Gary.

"No, he's got them going great," said Greg, still peering out of the alley. "They're still talking to him. Geeze, how can he keep a straight face? . . . Now they're helping him up . . . . He's faking like his leg is hurt. Nice goin', Marv baby. Keep it up . . . . Hey, they're putting him in the big guy's car."

"Maybe they're taking him to the hospital," said Frank.

"Naw, he's not bleeding or anything," said Gary. "They're probably taking him to the police station."

"Hey, What'll happen to Marv if they find out it's all a gag?" said Frank.

Greg, walking out of the alley with the other boys following him, said, "Even if he tells them it's a gag, they won't believe him. They'll think he's just trying to cover for somebody. Just hope he doesn't get into any trouble. That'd be a damn shame."

THE POLICE chief normally had a plump, kindly red face, which lacked only a snow-white beard to be mistaken for Santa Claus' jolly countenance, but now the chief wasn't too jolly, and his face began to take on the same hue as his navy blue uniform. "Now look, kid," he said to Marv, sitting in a large wooden chair with a coat of peeling black paint, "The men who brought you in here say that the kids that attacked you were crowded all around you. And you claim you couldn't see any of their faces. I suppose they were wearing masks."

"No, I just couldn't see them. It was too dark," said Marv, after shakily taking a drink of water from a paper cup.

"Too dark, my foot! The cars' headlights were shining right on the whole thing."

Marv remained silent.

The police chief sighed, and changed his tone. "Look, son, maybe you're trying to cover for somebody. Don't be a fool. Why protect these punks who pounded you? If we don't catch them, maybe somebody else will get it tomorrow night."

Marv looked at the police chief.

"Let me get a few things straight," he continued. "How many of them were there?"

"I don't know. About five or six."

"Now do you have any idea why they picked out you in particular? I mean, did anybody have something against you? Any reason why they'd want to beat you up?"

"No idea," said Marv. **No idea why they picked me out, why they always pick me out. No idea why I'm always the stooge.** He sat still for a minute.

"Come to think of it," he finally said, leaning back in the chair, "I think I remember some of the faces . . . ."

## THE UTOPIAN

*I like to sip my tea,  
And think of living free.  
Impossible as that may be,  
I'll still sit and sip my tea.*

— GEORGE CUMMINGS, '64

# AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. KANIN

**M**R GARSON KANIN is today one of the most successful director-writers in the entertainment medium. He has directed such top Broadway shows as "Do - Re - Mi" and the "The Diary of Anne Frank." Mr. Kanin quit school at the age of twelve to enter show business as a saxophone player in a small band. He worked his way up to the top of the business and is now not only a success on Broadway, but has also written scripts for movies and has even had a few short stories published in top magazines. He has won great acclaim in England as well as America for his varied talents. This reporter recently interviewed Mr. Kanin in Boston:



- Q. How is the new show "Come on Strong" progressing?
- A. Well, we all feel that is an extraordinarily good show and are lucky to have been able to get such a good cast. There were a few difficulties when we were putting the show together. We had to make a few changes here and there to make some of the ideas clearer. But at present all of these problems have been satisfactorily ironed out. There are no problems with the cast itself, as we are fortunate to have anything but a temperamental group of actors and actresses.
- Q. Do you have much difficulty when directing a show with, as you say, temperamental actors?
- A. Yes, on occasion you find yourself involved in a little extracurricular activity in trying to keep on the good side of certain people, but on the whole the actors are much too concerned with putting on a successful play to worry about anything trivial and not in the best interest of the production.
- Q. Is it difficult to open a new show and within a matter of days constantly be changing ideas and writing in new material to be injected into it?
- A. Yes, at times it is. When you are making any radical changes in a show you are faced with the problem of rehearsing new scenes during the day and, at night, having to perform the old ideas until the new ones are ready to be put in the production. On the other hand, actors are a hardy lot and are accustomed to quick changes and learning new lines in a short time. Their adaptability circumvents a great deal of the problems you would expect to face when making rational changes.
- Q. Do actors ever suggest or request changes to be made in a new show?
- A. No. Primarily it is not considered good professional practice for the actors to take part in that phase of the production. Generally, they feel the need to concentrate on the ideas and instructions the director wants carried out.

Q. Mr. Kanin, my English teacher, saw your show and commented that besides liking it very much, he was surprised how today there are many things that are done on the stage that, say, twenty years ago would have been considered overly risqué and quite censurable. Do you feel that today audiences are more open-minded and intelligent in their acceptance of slightly off-beat ideas, or is it a change brought on by what appeals to the audience and as a result is what they are presented with?

A. Well, let me first say that your English teacher \*(editor's note: the inimitable Mr. Finn of 235) has made a most perceptive observation. In this present day, there are three main sources from which most entertainment comes: television, movies, and the theatre. Each medium is endowed with its own strong points. The theatre as a literary medium can, of course, be much more outspoken and open-minded than television or movies. Many things that the theatre can deal with would be considered quite censurable and unproductable on television or in the movies. The theatre has the wonderful opportunity to deal with an almost strictly adult audience. This allows for dealing with subjects which are more artful and rich with different ideas. In our show we have several scenes which might superficially be called quite risqué'. But we use them advantageously to bring out the real meaning of our story. In reality, our play is as moral a story as you could ever have.

Q. Do you often find yourself terribly limited on stage? Physically there is the difficulty of space and sound on the stage. Do these difficulties restrict what can be done to bring out the story?

A. Not really. There is a tremendous amount of exciting things that can be done to make a show really complete. Technical things such as lighting and staging make up a tremendous gap of the limitations with which we are apparently faced through a lack of space. But the main thing when you are putting on a play is that you have the imagination of the audience working with

you at all times. The audience while it is being led through a story is constantly using its imagination to see things that are said but not visible. Movies and television are not faced with such a problem of course. But a remarkable thing is the fact that when the Colonial Theatre in Boston first opened up at the very beginning of the century, the first stage production put on was Ben-Hur. There were horses on the stage and even chariots were placed on moving tracks to reproduce the chariot race. Today, it would be ridiculous to try and compare the production of Ben-Hur in the movies and on stage. It would be foolish to even attempt to do a play of that kind. Yet, when it was done 62 years ago it was smashing success. The audience more than made up for the tremendous restrictions by use of its imagination.

Q. Is there a great deal of difficulty when you are casting a new show in selecting the right people for the different parts?

A. Yes, that can be probably the most difficult part about producing a new show. In the new show there are nineteen cast parts. Outside of Mr. Van Johnson's part we interviewed almost 3000 applicants for the other parts. These people were for the most part personally interviewed by myself. Although from these 3000 people only about 200 got actual tryouts on stage.

**W**HEN ASKED if such a short interview didn't leave too great a margin for error in overlooking potential talent, Mr. Kanin replied that people in his position try to get out as much as possible to see what kind of new talent is in the theater. This takes him and his associates everywhere that there are professional productions going on. As a result he has the good chance to personally review a great number of young talents.

I asked Mr. Kanin if he thought that acting ability was a more commonly inherent characteristic than in most other professional fields. He seemed to feel that an ability to act was no more an inborn quality than such things as an ability to draw or to play an instrument. He commented that for

one to become a good actor a great deal of work and serious study must be applied to produce a talented result. He added that there are a great many techniques and styles that must be mastered before anyone could do the many tasks that an actor must carry out during a performance.

Mr. Kanin seemed most adamant in his belief that acting was not a terribly difficult field to break into and in which to become successful. He noted that there are so many productions going on all the time that the new crop of acting talent is always getting plenty of opportunities to show its abilities, and since all these shows are constantly being scanned for new faces, a young talent has an excellent chance to advance.

Finally, I asked Mr. Kanin if he felt that his life in show business had been a full and rewarding one. He closed with this final comment:

"Yes, I have always loved the challenge of the business. Nowhere is there such a field for freedom of expression and ideas. There is a tremendous task faced when producing a Broadway show. And one has the exciting opportunity of using his mind to overcome these problems. One can create and express feelings and beliefs in a most constructive way, and has the tremendous feeling of accomplishment when the difficulties are overcome and the final product is accepted on its merits."

— David Wyner '63

# A Question of Values

*"It is not far," he said, and peered ahead through darkness damp and chill  
At every jagged rise and haughty hill;*

*And fought to hold back tears of anguish, secret dread of deep despair,  
With words of hope and faith: "I'll soon be there."*

*He ran, he searched, he soared and fell and rose to seek again  
This vision he could see, alone of men.*

*And if he found not that for which he gave his life and soul,  
Was not the Search alone a worthy goal?*

— HOWARD STERN '65



# RECORD REVIEW

**MILES DAVIS AT CARNEGIE HALL**  
(Columbia 1812) So What; Spring Is Here; No Blues; Oleo; Someday My Prince Will Come; The Meaning Of The Blues; Lament; New Rhumba

Featuring: Hank Mobley, tenor; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; James Cobb, drums; Gil Evans, conductor of large unidentified orchestra.

**T**HIS ALBUM is an audio memory of an unforgettable performance by the most musically prominent collaboration in modern music, Miles Davis-Gil Evans. In the past their greatness has been measured by recordings such as PORGY AND BESS, SKETCHES OF SPAIN, and MILES AHEAD. Carnegie Hall also marks the first live recorded performance for Davis and Evans together.

The atmosphere is a high-spirited one. Davis' playing was never so boldly fluent and sensitive. The tenseness and long-windedness that appeared in his previous live performances at the Blackhawk virtually disappeared this night. The evening began with Davis' SO WHAT, a simple form of sixteen measures of one scale, eight of another and finally eight more of the opening. The normal bass introduction is preceded by several moody bars from the brass section of the orchestra. Davis gives his most fervent, high-register solo of the entire evening. He rips through a fantastic stream of notes extending his solo to probably the longest ever recorded.

On SPRING IS HERE and THE MEANING OF THE BLUES, the orchestra is at its slowest, most dramatic best. Davis blends beautifully on SPRING and MEANING, for this mixture of one star and many musicians has been the norm for Evans and Davis. Neither does Davis overplay his part nor does the orchestra blast out its precious star.



Davis' Quintet alone executes NO BLUES and the famous Sonny Rollins tune, OLEO. Each component of Davis' group gives in both pieces hard-swinging, lively performances. There is a nice exchange of plays between Kelly and Cobb, whose playing is extremely fine throughout. SOMEDAY MY PRINCE WILL COME is a brief piece that Davis has become quite fond of since Bill Evans, an ex-Davis sideman, introduced it to jazz in PORTRAIT IN JAZZ. This performance is inferior to Davis' previously recorded album titled SOMEDAY MY PRINCE WILL COME. Miles plays beautifully on J.J. Johnson's LAMENT. Davis' famous "middle-register brooding" shows all through this piece as well as in SPRING IS HERE. The set is closed with Ahmad Jamal's lively NEW RHUMBA.

Davis' playing is never below adequate; but he really outdoes himself on this remarkable tape. His phrasing is clear, appropriately succinct, and somber. He shapes his solos to meet perfectly the limits of these seven pieces. This LEGENDARY PERFORMANCE of that memorable May 19th night can elicit from its listeners only superlatives for Miles, Gil Evans, Jazz and Carnegie Hall.

— Joseph Passaretti '63

# EDITORIALS



## VOX POPULI

**T**ED KENNEDY'S victory is a shocking indication of the complacency and ignorance of the Massachusetts voter. In the November election, the President's brother beat his Republican opponent, George Cabot Lodge, by a substantial margin, in spite of the threat of the ultra-liberal Independent, H. Stuart Hughes, to siphon off Democratic votes. Although there is nothing wrong with Ted Kennedy's political philosophy, as unoriginal and spoon-fed as it may be, his election to the United States Senate puts the voters of the Commonwealth in a very bad light.

In the first place, the voters revealed that they know little about a basic tenet of our government: that there should be a distinct separation between the legislative and executive branches. There was little objection when the President appointed his brother Robert to the office of Attorney General, because the Attorney General works in the executive branch, under the President, and answers directly to him. But Edward's seat in the Senate is a violation of the system of checks and balances. He must vote for every administration bill—a vote, incidentally, which would carry no political influence—or else cause the President a great deal of embarrassment, which the opponents of the bill would be quick to seize upon.

The voters also were either unaware of, or chose to ignore young Kennedy's glaring lack of qualifications. He is but three years out of law school, and his only political experience has been the appointed office of Assistant District Attorney of Suffolk County. And, as Mr. McCormack pointed out in the Primary, he has never even worked to support himself. It may well be that Teddy has the "stuff" to make a great senator, but he certainly has shown no indication of his potential by his past brief career. What he should have done—and what he would have had to do if he had neither his money or his name—was to run for a less important office first to show the voters what he could do. As it stands now, the voters have taken an awfully big chance.

So why, then, in view of his lack of experience and his undesirable position as brother of the President, did 1,161,970 voters elect this upstart to the greatest legislative body in the world? A look at his campaign—one of the most expensive and organized Senate campaigns ever waged—furnishes the answer.

The main plan of action was to shake as many hands as possible, splatter the Kennedy name on countless billboards, and exhibit everywhere smiling reproductions of his Hollywood-like countenance. And the voters fell for it, hook, line, and sinker. The way many female voters behaved in this election would make a wonderful argument for the revocation of woman suffrage. Mass-hypnotized by Ted Kennedy's sex-appeal, they turned out in droves to see him, most thinking, or squealing, "Isn't he cute!" It has almost become trite to relate anecdotes about women who, after meeting him, vowed to vote for "that handsome, wonderful man."

But both men and women succumbed to the spell of the magic name. A high-ranking officer in the Boston Police Department said, "His name's Kennedy and that's good enough for me. I'd vote for Jacqueline if she were running." And along with the Kennedy name, Ted inherited much of the party organization of previous Kennedy campaigns. When I asked a full-time campaign worker if he was working for Edward because he believed that he would make the best Senator from Massachusetts, the man replied, "No, but I worked for Jack and I like this family. I'll stick with it as long as I can."

The most disheartening part of the whole campaign, however, was Kennedy's consistent refusal to debate with the other candidates. Governor Volpe also committed the same crime against the voters and deservedly lost the election. But Kennedy's affront to the voters was much more flagrant. Volpe could submit his past record as Governor, but Kennedy was running only on his potential. Therefore, he owed it to the voters to give them an opportunity to decide if he had any potential. To avoid debate, Teddy and his campaign managers improvised flimsy excuses which insulted the intelligent, discerning voter. But, fortunately for Teddy, the intelligent, discerning voter is a very small minority in Massachusetts, and can be safely neglected. Instead, Kennedy took advantage of the majority of the voting public, which is extremely susceptible to a big name, a handsome face, and a handshake.

This has not been an invective against our new Senator; it is too late for that. It is, instead, a caution to the Massachusetts voters to think before they vote; I hope it is not too late for that.

— Martin Bickman '63

## HOW UNITED ?

**A**RE THE nations of the world united by international love, trust, or common economic or political goals?

The main body of the U.N. is the general assembly, wherein international issues are debated—for no purpose except propaganda. Stevenson, Zorin, Castro, and Khrushchev have put on some dramatic displays there, but what important problems are decided? The course of world events is not conducted before the world that is trying to evaluate who is 'right' or 'wrong'! Great and delicate issues, such as the recent blockade of Cuba, are resolved in secret conferences of chief diplomats like Rusk and Gromyko, or in summit conferences.

The U.N. is trying to summon up a will o' the wisp by whistling into the wind. By its charter it is almost powerless without universal support, and because of its constituency this support is impossible, for no nation of the World Court jury would pass sentence on itself. The structure of the U.N. is based upon the foundation of international law. And by the ruthless suppression of the 1956 Hungarian Revolt or the equally illegal 1962 Cuban blockade, the Soviet Union and the United States have demonstrated their indifference to international law. The only law all nations abide by is the law of survival. At least all the nations that are still around.

Just as only state and federal power preserve this country from anarchy, only a mighty, armed U.N. could lift the world from this disunited and self-seeking jungle. And such an armed U.N. would be repugnant not only to the East and West, but to the U.N.'s very essence, which is arbitration and appeal to logic. The Utopian U.N. is completely divorced from reality. The Secretary General should be not U Thant, but Santa Claus.

Nations will go on solving problems as they have throughout history, through unilateral aggressions and bilateral compromises. The U.S., by instigating the Cuban blockade, has finally accepted this. We must deal directly with the nations involved in crises, and if necessary rattle our arms a little. We can disregard the spectre of world opinion, for this world has no opinions of lasting consequence. National memories seldom last more than a decade or two, as evidenced by Germany's ability to rearm and attempt for a second time world domination.

— Richard Goodkin '63



# LORDS AND MASTERS



**M**R. MCNAMARA of 129 was born in Boston and is an alumnus of B.L.S. He obtained his A.B. and A.M. from Harvard and then taught for some years at Illinois College. Returning East, he increased his professional background by teaching in a variety of colleges and high schools before returning to his Alma Mater in 1949.

An enthusiastic bibliophile, he spends much of his spare time in search of books, that is, when he is not reading. He professed an abhorrence for the usual "best-seller" lists, and, when challenged for an alternative, suggested: J.R.R. Tolkien's trilogy **The Lord of the Rings**, S.E. White's unabridged **The Saga of Andy Burnett**, or T.E. Shaw's translation of Homer's **Odyssey**.

For the past decade, he has sponsored the Science Fiction Club, largely in an effort to encourage wider reading among the students. But now that science has well nigh eclipsed the notions of imaginative writers, he feels that such an organization is out-moded.

It is his firm conviction that Latin School boys could do better in the English College Boards if they devote more of their time to outside reading. His battle-cry: "Read! Read! Read!"

**M**ISS FRANCES TAYLOR, our school nurse, was born and educated in Boston. She continued her schooling at the Boston Clerical School and then trained for her profession at the St. Elizabeth's School of Nursing and the Boston University Health Education Department. She was at the European Theater in the Army Nurse Corps during World War II and she still participates in the reserve program as a major.

In 1950, Miss Taylor came to serve Latin School students. As a devoted school nurse she is always ready to administer first aid; she guides our vision, hearing, and weight examinations; she assists the school physician in his inoculation programs, daily inspections, and health conferences. Miss Taylor herself visits pupils at home. She always supervises their readjustment at school following both physical and emotional disabilities. Miss Taylor's affable presence at the Latin School every moment that school is in session has certainly promoted our high level of mental and physical well-being.



# SOMETHING OF INTEREST

ON OCTOBER 25, 1962, six outstanding B.L.S. Seniors interested in Dartmouth College attended a liberal arts seminar at Wellesley High School. Jeff Zorn, John Seery, Phil Rabinowitz, Mark Wong, Richie Newell, and Ken Thomae listened to lectures on the responsibility of the artist, scientist, and the individual in today's society. The seminar was designed to give boys a vivid concept of the intellectual atmosphere at Dartmouth.

The members of Classes I, II, and III, attended an informative assembly sponsored by the Professional Club on Monday, October 29, 1962. The Speaker, Dr. Hsieh (pronounced She-ah), provided an entertaining time for all with his subtle humor and vast knowledge of various subjects. Our thanks go to the Professional Club and Mr. Doherty for another interesting assembly.

The entire school along with the Senior Class congratulate: Class Presi-



dent, Jack McCarthy; Vice-President, Paul Lima; Secretary, Paul Hughes; Treasurer, Bob Mancini; and Class Committee members, Denis O'Leary (chairman), Bob Gordon, Bob Liss, John O'Keefe, Ken Thomae, and Bob Correnti.

On October 30, 1962, a disheveled crew of 30 lads from B.L.S.'s National Honor Society, Key Club, and Red Cross Club were spirited out of the school by a brigade of police and firemen. The exercise was designed to test the adequacy of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital's Emergency Ward in handling large scale emergencies. The Emergency Ward, and its appealing staff, proved equal to the task and all the mock casualties were quickly diagnosed and treated. In return for services rendered, our boys received an excellently prepared roast beef supper.

— Robert Correnti '63

# SPORTS

## FOOTBALL

Latin surprised Charlestown a formidable District League team, 16-0 in the jamboree as we had one of the finest student body turnouts in recent years.

Led by fullback Van Allen, who twice scampered to pay dirt, Tech took full advantage of our first regular-game jitters: Ev Speas' powerful running and defensive specialist Don Oveson's efforts were exemplary of Latin's high spirit in our 12-0 defeat.

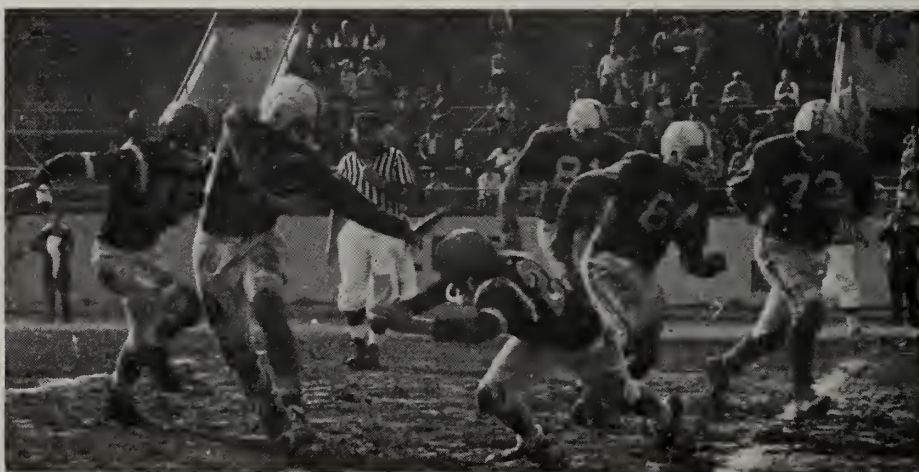
B.C. High's sheer size defeated us from the outset. After this 22-0 defeat Latin had not yet scored in regular season competition, so we anxiously awaited the South Boston game.

Coach Lambert's men shocked the much touted **Redman** of Southie. Latin's march to the Southie 35 was thwarted by the first of our thirteen fumbles and a quick Southie score. But Latin's defense resembled the New York Giants': three times we held Southie inside the ten yard line and twice stopped them at the two. Disgruntled Latin fans revived as we began our final drive with one forty



left. Soon, with one fifteen remaining, Art Carmen lofted a 40 yard pass to halfback Cliff Janey who went across with our first TD of the season. The two point Carmen to Davis conversion gave Latin an exhilarating upset victory.

Enthusiastic fans witnessed Latin exact revenge for last year's crippling defeat by galloping to a 34-0 victory over Trade. Ev Speas and Bob Concannon continued their fine play as each





scored a touchdown, Speas on a 75 yard run. Johnny Eager scored on a punt return and Mike Concannon scored two, the second after a 57 yard punt return down to the three yard line by Cliff Janey.

English, unshaken by their barely missing an invitation to the Orange Bowl, found enough holes in the Latin line to earn a 32-6 victory. At times, however, Latin's defense was impenetrable, and Ken Phalan and Bob Concannon displayed some of the finest kicking of the year. Art Carmen, unable to avoid the English "red-dogging", was replaced by sophomore quarter-

back Paul Masi, who sparked Latin to a touchdown in the last quarter. Set up on the English forty yard line by a Masi pass, Latin sent Bob Allen across the line to prevent a shutout.

Regrets to Bob Dumas, who could not play because of a recent ineligibility ruling. Regrets also to the moronic vandals of EHS who found it impossible to restrain themselves from defacing the Latin School building with paint on Thanksgiving Eve.

Thanks go to a hard-working coaching staff, who made Latin the league's most improved team. English had better watch out next year!

## CROSS COUNTRY

Despite inclement weather and a tremendous number of competitors, Messrs. Fielding, Carey, and Grant did an exceptional coaching job. In our first meet Coach Patten's eager runners met strong Tech opposition. But Captain Dave Santosuosso prevented a shutout by grabbing fifth place in a field of over seventy-five:

In our second meet we easily outlasted the smaller Dot and Trade teams. On Columbus Day, B.L.S. nearly upset the favored English squad by a tight 34 to 39 score, which aroused Latin's spirit and confidence. We finished third in both the City Meet and the Reggies, a meet in which many boys "broke 16" to earn their letters.

Many thanks to our hard-working



State Team for its fine season-long performances and unfaltering support: seniors Pat Lynch and Dave Santosuosso; juniors, Ty Powell, Jim Sawdy, John Seibert, Lloyd Oxley, and Charlie Lloyd; sophomore Paul Hayes; and freshmen, Kevin Sullivan and Joe Baugh.

Because of Dave Santosuosso's leadership and Coach Patten's eye-catching posters encouraging participation, our season was satisfying, and the outlook for next fall doesn't seem as ominous as it has in recent years.

We urge all cross country runners, especially those better in the shorter distances to compete in indoor track. Indoor Capt. Dave predicts a good season with fine performers such as Paul Lima, Marty Flashman, Cliff Janey, and Ev Speas returning. Let's support the team!!

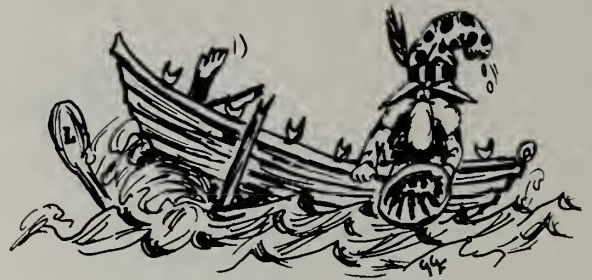


Latin Fans Urge On Runners

# CREW

Fall crew, a prep course for the all-important spring season, drew an enthusiastic crowd of juniors and sophomores who, under Coach Vara, promised well for '63. In fact, it was a promising season all around. The weather was comfortable and balmy especially when compared to last fall's races through the whitecaps and ice floes, with each rower clinging to his Mae West and survival kit.

Under the steady influence of the coach and the few seniors not buried by homework, two boats rapidly matured in the short season into sharp contenders for future honors. Tech, bolstered by an increased school-wide athletic program and two strong returning crews, took the prize money. Latin narrowly beat out English, last



year's city champs, and edged out Trade's first seriously contending crew in years.

Participation in this 'minor' sport was excellent. The large number who practiced and raced hard should make 1963 the year of the invincible Latin armada.

# SOCCER

The BLS soccer team owes its success to two factors: the sparkling play of Orban, Vintoniv, Pisarski, Mazer, and co-captains Kruskall and Gyorky; and the inspirational leadership of coaches Hoelzel and Thomas.

In the season's opener, Latin blanked the Medford freshman team 3-0. Steve Kruskall led the BLS with two early goals, while Jack Mazer posted a shut-out in his very first soccer match.

Latin then swamped English 5-0 in the next game. It should be here pointed out that a 5-0 victory in soccer is more than equal to a 32-6 victory in football.



Medford High, whose freshman team Latin beat earlier in the season, decided that we had gained a chance to play their junior varsity. And though Medford rushed some of its varsity men into the game when Latin took an early lead, our men prevailed, Jack Mazer posting his third shut-out.

The high point of the season came in Latin's last minute victory over Quincy. With seconds remaining and the score tied 1-1, Latin's brilliant young (Class V) Steve Orban scored from about 40 yards out with a left-footed shot. (This accomplishment would be comparable, for instance, in football, to Lou Groza's kicking an extra point with his nose!)

In the next game, the team suffered an understandable let-down, in losing to Needham 2-0.

In the traditional BLS-Roxbury Latin game, Latin lost to our private school counterpart by a single goal. This year, defeat came in the last five minutes. Vic Cheah, however, was a standout.

The team again suffered from an acute lack of school support. But hopes are high for next year, though, with lettermen Vintoniv, Pisarski, and Orban returning.



# THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

**Sept. 6:** Just 179 more school days to go!

**Sept. 10:** Overheard in lunchroom:

Marshall Dillon: "Hey, are you spitting in that mustard bowl?" Chester: "No, but I'm coming pretty close."

**Sept. 11:** Today Ye R.R.R. met a Gerflonk in the locker room. This would be worth mentioning, were it not for the fact that the Gerflonk had a pale, emaciated Ruval on a leash.

"Oh. Oh. What shall I do?" wailed the Gerflonk. "My Ruval won't eat a thing. Oh. Oh."

After hearing his lament, Ye R.R.R. dropped a five-dollar bill, which the Ruval immediately devoured. His little cheeks become rosy and he suddenly put on five pounds, all of which goes to prove that money is the eat of all Ruval.

**Sept. 12:** Groan.

**Sept. 13:** "Fidel, what do you know about French syntax?"

"I didn't know they had to pay for it, Sir."

**Sept. 17:** At last Ye R.R.R. has it! A square bathtub. No more bathtub rings!

**Sept. 19:** Mary Mary, quite contrary  
How does your garden grow?  
With silver bells and cockle-shells,  
And weeds.

**Sept. 20:** The reason Ye R.R.R.'s wit is so dry today is that it's Thursday.

**Sept. 24:** "Did you hear about the woman who had triplets last year, and a few months later had twins?"  
"How'd she do that, Mr. Aurelius?"  
"One of them died."

**Sept. 26:** Ye R.R.R. wouldn't insult your sense of humor by telling you that "mischief" is Sitting Bull's daughter.

**Sept. 27:** Overheard in Teachers' Room:  
"Do you believe in clubs for boys?"  
"Yes, if everything else fails."

**Oct. 1:** Just because you look like a Post Toastie, don't think you're a little bit better.

**Oct. 2:** Excerpt from a tragedy:  
Oedipus: "Hullo."



Telephone Operator: "It's a Long Distance from New York."

Oedipus: "Well, of course it is."

**Oct. 3:** The only reason a girl's mind is cleaner than a boy's is that she changes it more often.

**Oct. 8:** Today Ye R.R.R. takes you to the Kingdom of the Furries. The inhabitants of Furieland are little round globs of fur whose only articles of clothing are ingenious headpieces which indicate the vocation of the wearer. For instance, a tailor would wear a tiny scissors on his head, a hunter a model rifle, and a fisherman a fishing rod. Need a doctor? Just look for the Furry with the syringe on top.

**Oct. 9:** Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To get her poor doggy a bone;  
But when she got there,  
The cupboard was bare,  
So the dog ate her.

**Oct. 15:** Overheard in 709:  
Lord High Master: "Boy, wise men hesitate. Fools are certain."  
Boy: "Are you certain, Sir?"  
Lord High Master: "Yes, I am."

**Oct. 17:** Zikes! The Furries are revolting!

**Oct. 18:** They're pretty disgusting, too.

**Oct. 22:** People in grass houses should not mow lawns.

**Oct. 24: Famous Last Words Department:** Achilles, dying on the battlefield, an arrow through his heel: "My feet are killing me."

**Oct. 29:** After reflecting on the fable about the ass disguising himself with a lion skin, Ye R.R.R. has to admit that Harvard does a pretty good job with just a sheepskin.

**Oct. 30:** Overheard at football practice:

"You're out of shape, Rockhead. What have you been doing, studying?"

**Oct. 31:** In the Masters' parking lot:  
"My car has a top speed of 120 miles per hour and she'll stop on a dime."  
"Then what happens?"

"A little putty knife comes out and scrapes you off the windshield."

**Nov. 2:** There's no use in crying over split milk. It only makes it saltier for the cat.

**Nov. 5:** Khrushchev: "What was the title of the Czar's wife?"

Gromyko: "The Czarina".

Khrush: "And their children?"

Gromy: "Little Czardines, maybe."

**Nov. 7:** Register Business Staff: 85 per cent perspiration and 15 per cent commission.

**Nov. 8:** Two O'clock Blues:

"Learn anything today?"

"Naw. I'll have to go back tomorrow."

**Nov. 13: Interesting Origins Department:**

The word "auditorium" comes from the Latin "audire", to hear, and "taurus", the bull.

**Nov. 19:** Podesuoco: "How come you gave up golf?"

Pilmer: "I lost the ball."

**Nov. 20:** Overheard in Nurse's office:

"Miss Taylor, my hearing is horrible. I can't even hear myself cough."

"Here, take these pills."

"Will they help my hearing?"

"No, but they'll make you cough louder."

**Nov. 23:** There's one hazard to glass blowing. If you inhale too deeply, you get a pane in the stomach.

**Nov. 28:** Overheard in lunchroom:

"Give me the frankfurter on the bottom. I'm always for the underdog."

A BRIEF COMMENT ON THE USEFULNESS OF LITTLE  
TWO-LINE POEMS WHICH ARE SHORTER THAN THEIR  
SESQUIPEDALIAN TITLES AND WHICH REQUIRE  
LITTLE POETIC TALENT, BUT WHICH ARE WELL  
RECEIVED BY READERS OF CURRENT MAGAZINES

*Whether they're written by morons or sages,  
They'll fill up the space at the bottom of pages.*

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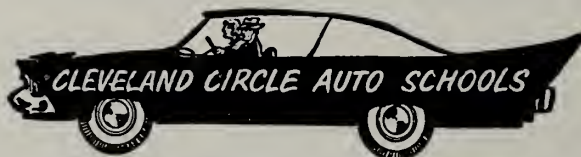
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